Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting,
The perſume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no ſoile nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his will; but you muſt feare
His greatneſſe wai'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued perſons doe,
Crave for himſelfe; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he ſaies he loves you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo far to beleeve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs,
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire:
" The chaſteſt maid is prodigall enough,
If ſhe unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be warie then, beſt ſafety lyes in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebells though none elſe neere.
Ophel. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But good my brother
Doe not as ſome ungracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way of heaven,
Whiles a puſt and rechleſſe Libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not;
I ſtay too long: but here my father comes.
A double bleſſing is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar:
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy ſoule with hoops of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage: beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſer may beware of thee:
Give every man thy eare, but few thy voice;
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerve thy judgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt ranke and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.